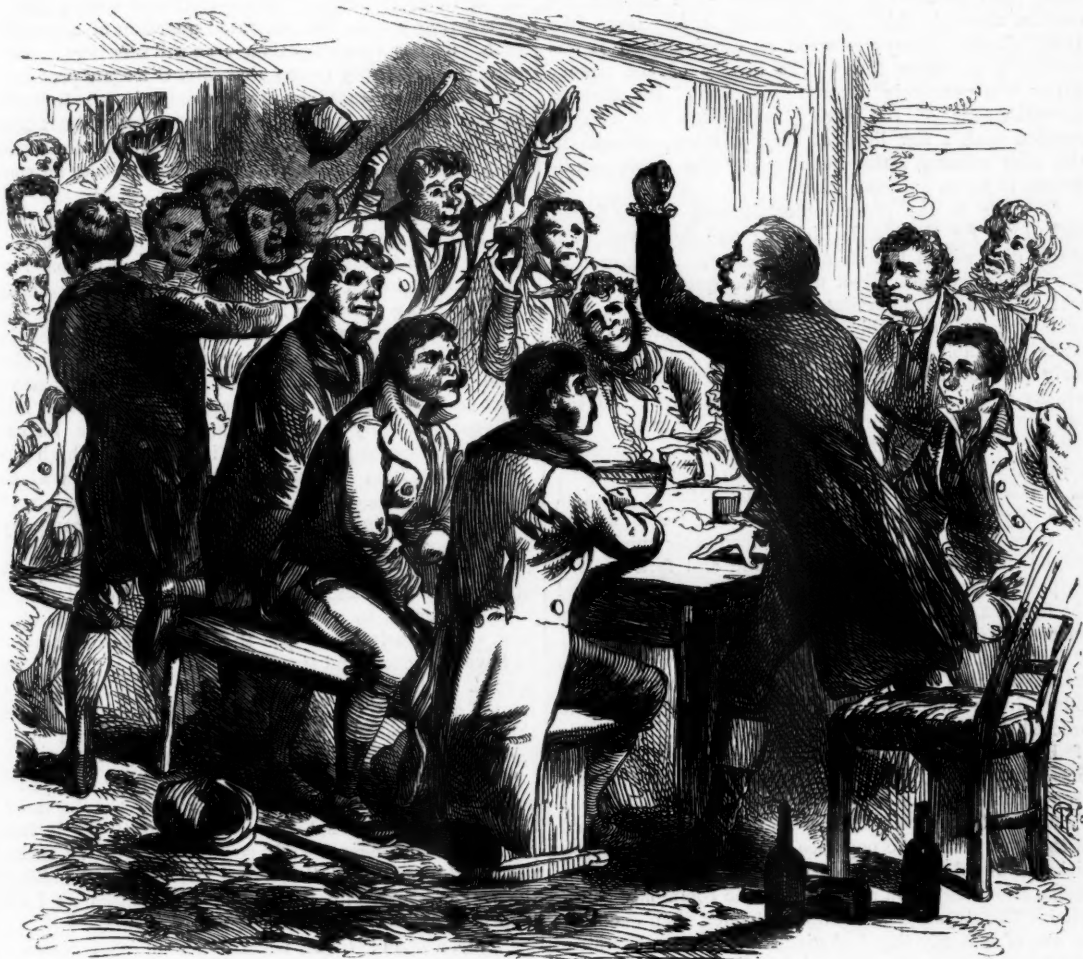


# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE COUNSELLOR'S SPEECH IN THE BARN.

## THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

CHAPTER XXIII.—FURTHER CANVASSING.

Of course election dinners had to be eaten, among other of Captain Gerald's and Counsellor O'Regan's duties to their country. It was a fact that the sinews of war were much more at the disposal of the former and his party; consequently, their management had a greater degree of splendour and *éclat* about it. With the counsellor candidate were all unpaid agency and moral coercion, if that

could be called moral coercion which constrained every action by the strongest political stimulants.

In the shabby little county newspaper—which, to our modern eyes, bears the aspect of being printed on grocers' grey wrapping-paper, in the very seediest of inks—appeared a flaring announcement of a great public dinner, to be given in Doon to the people's candidate, Theophilus O'Sullivan O'Regan, Esquire, Barrister-at-law. The people were invoked, by whatever value they set upon their ancestors, to crowd around his standard, and repulse the enemies of liberty; which invitation was to be understood figuratively, not literally, as im-

plying any personal punching of the captain's head. The people were also conjured to expel the new families—meaning the Butlers, who had only been Irish since James I's time—and assert themselves by returning the lineal representative of the old families, in the person of Counsellor O'Regan, whose ancestor of the same date had been a yellow-haired galloglass, wearing very little clothes and a dangerous skean. But nobody could accuse the O'Regans of coming from anywhere to Ireland at any period; that was the counsellor's strong point.

All this was inserted in the county paper, as a mere advertisement, of course; for the paper was intensely blue in politics, and upheld the colonel—who was, indeed, head landlord of its premises—and his son the captain through thick and through thin. Even Mr. Bailiff Bodkin always received an esquire when it was necessary to name him. The loyalty of the county paper was positively unquestionable; and the flare-up advertisement of the daring counsellor was supplemented with a few lines of very pointless sarcasm in the next column, rather making out the whole candidature to be an amusing joke.

Now, as to the public entertainment, Mr. O'Regan had to pay for the viands himself; and there was not a single dish with a French name present. A big barn at the back of the main street was the banqueting hall; and certain of the unsophisticated guests were seen to pour custard over their cabbage. Indeed, the odour of the latter vegetable overpowered all other viands for the early part of the evening, till the stronger odour of whisky-punch supplanted it. The forks were all of the two-pronged genus; and many of the company, more accustomed to grasping the plough-handle, showed a disposition to take to the *dernier ressort* of their fingers, as readier than any forks. Glorious potatoes laughed from fifty trenchers down the long table; for it was in the days before the blight had damped their spirits and ruined their constitution. Use knife and fork for the stripping these old friends of their brown coats! Never! the farmers could not take kindly to the steel for such a purpose.

Vast was the *débris* of bacon-bones and potato-peels, marshalled in a double line, along whose vista the candidate looked when he came to the gist of the whole proceeding, the talking part of the evening. A couple of hundred open-mouthed and good-humoured Celtic faces glistened at him from all parts of the barn, and set up a great shout as he rose. What a speech it was! Voluble and vituperative; sparing nobody whom it could in the least please the populace to abuse; bristling with nicknames and absurd anecdotes; rising into thundering declamation, and anon sinking into the commonly colloquial. The strong point of race protruded often enough; he was of a family that had given martyrs to the cause of liberty (*videlicet*, sundry of his ancestors had been hanged as rogues and rapparees). His father had once a fine property, and sacrificed it in the promotion of his country's freedom (which, it is to be presumed, the old gentleman considered would best be served by unlimited personal consumption of claret and whisky, and keeping open house for every passer-by). But the applause greeting these exertions was nothing to the wild enthusiasm that rent the air (of the barn) when the candidate suddenly stepped into the Irish language, and harangued them fluently in the Leinster dialect.

Oh, the beloved native tongue! the words that went right to their hearts without translation! It scarcely mattered of what he spoke thenceforth; every man became his fierce partisan. Verily he was one of them-

selves when the language of their childhood glided off his tongue like oil. Some sturdy fellows, perchance aided to this access of emotion by previous potations, actually shed tears, and had a tendency to embrace the candidate. Not particularly relishing this tender mood in his audience, he touched upon one or two of their wrongs, and presently every eye was flashing or scowling resentment. How did he denounce tithes and proctors, and all other taxation and its machinery! More than one farmer seized the two-pronged, which had helped to demolish his dinner, as though with it he would further demolish his enemies. How softly did the candidate glide into a minor strain of deprecation, and thence into a sweet melody of eulogy on the patriarchal Catholic priest, "the revered and saintly pastor of a loving people, the venerated guardian of a nation's faith," meekly receiving their free-will offerings! Perhaps it is necessary to say that Mr. O'Regan professed himself a Protestant: by law, he must be so, to enter Parliament; and, though he did not exactly assert that this trifling bond of legality alone kept him from fraternizing with "the ancient faith" of Ireland, he contrived effectively to insinuate the same.

Finally, as the mood of exalted indignation was deemed the best in which to leave his flexible auditory, he exhorted them to stand by their colours, and uphold Ireland in her hour of need, unless they had a particular fancy for being drawn on hurdles to the gallows by "the old hereditary enemy!" This peroration, delivered in English, with an unctuous brogue, left no doubt on the minds of the majority that "the old hereditary enemy" must certainly be Colonel Butler, of Doon; whereas Mr. O'Regan probably meant to impersonate the Saxon. And the assemblage separated in a state of high inflammation, from various causes, physical as well as mental.

Barney Brallaghan, nursing his wrath in company with a knot of neighbours on the road home, and roaring at intervals a stave of a seditious song, to the peril of his neck were militia-men abroad, reached his cabin in a temper fit to awaken the alarm of any peaceable wife. He nearly burst open the door in his impatience to have it opened, and then banged it back with as great a crash as the old timber could make; flinging his remnant of a hat into one corner, he sat himself down beside the table, and struck it with his fist, after certain mutterings, and a tragic stare into the turf fire.

"Arrah, Barney, avick, what's gone wrong wid ye?" asked his helpmate, timidly picking up the battered *caubeen*. "An' the hat, the crathur, throth an' it has got awful thratement entirely somewhere; one 'ud think the parish danced on it," observed Mrs. Barney, handling the article regretfully, with a due appreciation of how long it would be ere her lord could get another.

"Tut, woman! to be thinkin' ov an ould caubeen whin we ought all to be cryin' over the miseries of our country, an' the wrongs ov our posterity an' our ancestors! 'Twould melt a heart of stone to hear how his honour the counsellor expounded all about the horrid way the Parlymint thrates us, an' the Lord Lift'nant, an' the—"

"Why, thin, Barney Brallaghan, is it yer ancestors that's throublin' ye this way? Easy known, there isn't much on yer mind else, honest man, an' 'tisn't to dig up that patch o' flax ye would this evenin'; only goin' off to listen to speeches, just as if the counsellor had any other business in life but to be talkin' like a house a-fire. An' look here, av he talked till he was black in the face, you'll have to vote for the captin all the same, an' you *know* you will. What's anybody's wrongs to us,

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or all the wrongs in the world, compared wid the wrong of not havin' a cabin to put our head into?"

This unanswerable logic seemed rather to pose Mr. Brallaghan, who merely looked into the fire with a very wise face, and shook his head slightly a few times. One glance at his wife had showed him that lady in an attitude not to be trifled with—a hand on each hip; and a belligerent countenance gazed straight at him. "The girl of the Malonys" had asserted herself before now, and governed Barney for his good; and so, in the present instance, when she ordered him to bed, remarking that he would never be in time "to overtake mass in the mornin' av he didn't go at wonst," his remonstrance was very feeble.

"They're the ganders for men, so they are," was her uncomplimentary soliloquy as she "raked" the fire—which process means the preserving of some turf in a smouldering state under a heap of dry ashes, to act as kindling next morning. "They b'lieves every single word that's said to them, an' would sooner be takin' care of their ancesthurs than their own little haggarts,\* just as if their ancesthurs would ever be the value of a pratie to 'em. What do I care av they were killin' one another from mornin' till night long ago! They're welcome, so long as nobody comes to kill ourselves; an' the long an' the short of it is, Barney must vote for the captin, that owns the roof over him, if all our ancesthurs was to die on the spot."

But this valorous determination Mrs. Barney wisely kept to herself, so far as the public were concerned. She drew her red cloak over her pretty head, with its plentiful hair, and dutifully followed her lord and master, about a yard in his rear, next morning (Sunday) to the chapel, carrying in her hand the ponderous "brogues" which clenched her full dress, but would not be put on her feet until she arrived at the corner of the road next the place of worship. Verily, she was much lighter for travelling without them; the soles were a curious mosaic of nailheads, and looked as durable as a piece of ordnance, and well nigh as uncomfortable to wear. And, as the pair trudged along, Mr. Brallaghan vouchsafed to talk condescendingly to her over his shoulder; in fact, she had a continual little run to keep up with his stride. Nobody would have guessed how completely the tables were turned indoors, and which was the veritable ruler.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—FATHER COSTELLO'S SERMON.

THERE was generally half an hour of waiting in the chapel-yard for the arrival of his Reverence—a space of time improved variously by his congregation. Much business was transacted, on the principle of another Exchange, without seeing the property in question. Much gossip slipped from tongue to tongue, chiefly among the women. All the news of the neighbourhood, and of many neighbourhoods, was retailed. Matches were made up, sometimes; labourers were hired, bargains were struck. The people had never learned "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt do no manner of work."

Of course at this time the coming election engrossed everybody's thoughts, more or less, and it was anticipated that Father Pat Costello would "give a sermon from the althar" on this day concerning the same subject; whence there was perhaps a larger attendance than usual, drawn from neighbouring parishes for the nonce, by the interesting alliance of politics with religion.

At last the steady old grey horse, which had borne his Reverence for many a year, at the same hour to the same

place on the same day, was seen turning the corner of the road under the elder-hedge; whereupon the women shook out their blue petticoats, and let down their skirts, which had been pinned up for preservation, and turned back the hoods of their cloaks a little more; and children's hair was smoothed with mothers' fingers, and the men doffed their "caubeens;" for the magnate of the parish was passing by. He alighted at the gate of the chapel-yard, under the pair of poplars which flourished there; a dozen boys pressed forward to take charge of the steed, and lead him to the grassy end of the inclosure, where he fed himself during mass. The parish clerk, carrying a bundle of his master's vestments, came close behind, and shared in the bows and curtsies bestowed on the principal personage, who was a pleasant-looking middle-aged priest, verging on the antique; plenty of grey hairs were round the tonsure, now bared in the sunshine. He had a clear, penetrating eye, which could comprehend most things at a glance, and produced tremendous effects on the evil-doers of his parish. Right and left, wherever he looked, his people did obeisance. He dropped a few words here and there, "shook hands to" three or four of the wealthier and more powerful of his flock, and passed into the chapel smiling. Already in the chapel was the ecclesiastical personage known as the "cowjutherer," being Father Costello's coadjutor or curate, Rev. Conner Cregan. Tall, and lank, and cadaverous, he was the very antipodes of his good-humoured chief; severe about his own duties, he was severe about everybody else's too, and was a fierce United Irishman at heart.

Father Pat donned his vestments in public, at one side of the altar, and, the clerk having lighted the two tall candles, the congregation flocked in, and packed themselves everywhere on the ample floor. There were no pews or seats of any kind; down on his knees went each person as he entered, after having dipped a finger and thumb in the holy-water orifice as a preliminary exorcism. Plenty of people could not get into the building at all; they knelt round the doorway and the open windows, quite satisfied that they were "getting mass" all right so long as they could hear the sound of the priest's voice. Of course comprehension was out of the question, even for those nearest the altar; though Mr. Brian Boru O'Doherty, Philomath, used to look very wise and abstracted, in lofty contemplation, as though he understood it all.

So the awful travestie of the awfullest event of earth, the passion and death of our Saviour Christ, went on as usual; and, when the wafer-God was raised up over the bended head of the priest, all the people fell upon their faces. Did Father Costello believe that he had indeed transmuted bread, flour-and-water cakelets, made by his own clerk under his own eye, into a thing Divine—nay, into a person Divine? We cannot tell. Habit and education blind a man strangely; he behaved in all respects as if he did.

But, when the mass was over, and the people rose to their feet with a subdued murmur of expectation, and those nearest the altar-rails were urged violently against them by a sudden influx of outsiders, Father Pat came forward, adjusting his cope comfortably on his broad shoulders, and began his "sermon."

"My dear friends an' parishioners, I've a word or two to say to yez this day, for which I hope ye'll be the better, an' if ye aren't ye can't say it's my fault anyhow; for it's my business to tell ye what ye ought to do, an' if ye won't do it afther, how can I help ye? Only don't let any man be coming to me wid his complaints, an' sayin', 'Yer rev'rence, I'm in an ocean o' trouble through

\* Potato or cabbage-ground.

the manes of that advice you gev us to keep clear of the Right-boys an' Defendhers, for the chaps have burnt down me little cabin, or rooted me pratie-garden, or whatever else they did.' Whereas, 'I tell ye plain an' clane, the law's dead against Right-boys, an' Defendhers, an' United Irishmen, an' I can't do more than give ye fair warnin', an' tell ye 'tis best to take care of yerselves in time."

Here the worthy priest was seized with a vehement fit of clearing his throat and coughing, and Jemmy Davis, the clerk, had to bring him his red handkerchief from the crown of his hat.

"An' while yer about it, Jemmy, ye might as well bring me my horsewhip too; for throth I'm thinkin' I'll have to lay it on some of them unmannerly rapsallions over at the dure that's pushin an' sthrivin' as if the place was a fair. I'm lookin' at ye, Jerry Scanlan!" he roared, in a stentorian voice, which startled some of the nearest women; "I'm looking at ye, elbowin' Mrs. Cassidy, honest woman, as if she hadn't no manner of feelin', ye big bosthoon! My hand to ye, if I was over widin arm's length, but ye'd taste what a lashin' is!" The individual thus signalized shrank out of sight as quickly as might be, and the grateful Mrs. Cassidy preened her ruffled plumage with a reddened face. "I promise ye, if Mike was to the fore—the heavens be his bed this day!—instead of her bein' a lone widder over her couple of orphans—ye'd think twice afore ye'd knock her roughly, Jerry Scanlan! An' I never knew a man cross an' hard to a woman, but he was a coward inside in his heart.

"As I was sayin' to ye," continued Father Pat, resuming his normal tone, and wiping his heated brow, "'tis between the fryin' pan an' the fire wid ye, poor people. Of course every man has his complaints to make; an', b'lieve me, the Catholic clargy aren't widout their own share. But these Right-boys, an' Defendhers, an' United Irishmen, are only dhrawing down the army upon us entirely; and the whole of it is, boys, ye've yer choice betune bein' hung an' bein' piked or burnt; an' if 'twas offered to meself, I'd be in a quandary which to choose, they are both so pleasant." The orator made a wry face at this juncture, and his flock grinned a universal grin. They knew well the meaning of all the foregoing studied ambiguity, and also that Father Pat dared not speak plainer his encouragement of sedition. The dark "cowjutherer" standing beside the altar thought his chief too enigmatical; but, then, he had been considerably a shorter time in this world of danger than Father Pat.

"Now, boys, ye'll be wantin' to know somethin' about this election that's comin' on Friday. I'm fond of a whole skin an' a roof over me head meself, an' indeed I don't see rightly how both of 'em is to be had togedder on this occasion. I'm afeard ye must take yer choice agin, boys—or let the wives take it for ye. There's a dale o' sinse in the women's heads, boys, an' a dale o' sinse outside 'em too. Somehow, I think the counsellor has put his 'comedher'\* on a good many of 'em, an' they'll coax their husbands to give him one vote, anyhow. I'm not sayin' they're wrong or right, remimber. I christened a dale of ye, an' 'twould be the sorra day I got ye into any throuble through advice of mine. Why, then, talkin' of christenins, Mrs. Ryan, is it yerself I see standin' over under the window? Yer welcome to mass agin, ma'am, an' so's the little sthranger that you has in yer cloak; an' that was the decent christenin' you gave him, an' didn't forget yer priests nayther,

signs by he'll have all sorts of prosperity." The blushing matron curtsied as well as her baby burden would permit. "An' I'm proud to say yer a respectable example to the parish, Mrs. Ryan—not like other christenins I could mintion, where your clargy didn't even see the colour of a 'thirteen.\* An' sure it stands to rason the ceremony can't do half the good where the dues of the clargy is forgotten, or paid out wid a grudgin' spirit."

Certain parties in the body of the building looked conscious under Father Pat's roving gaze, but he was too politic to let it settle on anybody in particular.

"It's for yer own sakes I spake; if ye send the worst bit o' butter to yer clargy, ye can't expect but the next churnin' will turn out badly. An' be the same token, Pierce Collins Bat, I never ate a finer fitch o' bacon in all my days than the one you sent me at Michaelmas. I hope there's more in the chimney-corner where that came from."

"'Twill be up to you in the mornin', yer reverence, the fellow fitch of it," responded the gratified Pierce, pulling his forelock; "an' herself"—by which he signified Mrs. Collins—"has a couple o' fat geese ready, one for yer reverence, an' the other for Father Conner, wid her humble duty." Whereat the lady beside his elbow curtsied.

"The Collinses was always decent people," remarked the priest, contemplatively; "an' I'm glad to find yer father's son isn't degeneratin', but keepin' up the credit of the family like a man."

Be it here remarked that the aforesaid father's name was Bartholomew, which, being contracted into Bat, gave his sons their distinctive appellation; for, when there were three or four of the name of Pierce Collins in the neighbourhood, it was convenient to tack the parent syllable to the end, for precision's sake. Thus there came to be Pierce Collins John, and Pierce Collins Tom; as well as our personal friend, Pierce Collins Bat.

But the winding-up of the priest's address was by far the most telling portion. After sundry other individualities like the above (which were never considered in the least out of place by the audience in a country chapel, but rather lent zest and life to the whole affair), he alluded to some of the hardships endured by Roman Catholics on account of the penal laws affecting their religion. "Boys," said he, "far be it from me to say ye have no wrongs, for ye have, an' they're as deep as the salt sea, an' as black as twelve o'clock at night; but now's not the time for taking notice of them. They say the Parlymint will settle 'em all byne-bye; an' sure ye're only imitatin' all the blessed saints in stayin' quiet, an' bein' patient, as long as ye can;" and he ended with some anecdotes of St. Dionysius, and St. Fin Bar, and St. Laurence O'Toole; after which came the Latin benediction with three uplifted fingers, and the congregation dispersed.

They had "got mass," which was to do them some imaginary good for the week to come. Again the women tucked up their gown-skirts, and many of both sexes doffed their shoes, to be carried like dumb-bells in their hands, swinging all the way home.

"Throth an' 'twould puzzle a conjuror to tell out o' that sermon who 'twould be plasin' to his reverence we'd vote for," quoth thick-headed Barney, rubbing his brows. "But somehow it don't seem as if he meant the captin: sorra bit o' me but wishes they never came, for elections, to be botherin' a poor man's little han'ful o' "

\* Vernacular for a shilling at the period: which, in Irish coinage, represented thirteen pence.

\* From "come hither"—a winning invitation, as it were.

brains this way." The latter sentiment he had gathered from the lips of his better half, and dutifully repeated without owning the authorship; and Mrs. Barney, like all true wives, was well pleased to minister an idea in secret to her liege lord, and merge her own wisdom in his.

"Well, you got mighty meek-spirited since you was married," observed a bachelor companion with whom he walked; "you that used to have the best shillelah at every fair an' hurlin' match, an' thought the greater ruction the bigger fun."

"Wait till yer married yerself, Shamus, an' ye'll find it's more pleasant to be sittin' by the fire wid a purty little girl o' a wife, than to be comin' home wid yer head in two halves, an' yer eyes like blackberries. Talkin' o' that, how's your own skull, Shamus, that Paddy Blake made sich a hole in?"

"Oh, the bonesetter above, at Ballyallus, repaired it wid a two-an'-eightpence-ha'penny piece, hammered out nately; an' I can take it off any day I want the money—*thigum thu?*" [Do you understand?]

Which it may interest the medical reader to know that Mr. Shamus actually did, at a subsequent period.

A gang of women behind on the road were meanwhile condoling with one another on the life they would lead during the election.

"Never a stroke of a spade will my Phelim put in the ground for the week," said one aggrieved matron: "an' the pratie pits not roofed in yet. An' when I says to him maybe we'd lose 'em all thro' the wet gettin' in an' rottin' 'em, he just says, 'Who cares?' I'd like to know, so I would meself, if the 'lection 'll put bread into our mouths for the winther?"

"As to my Pat," said another wife, "he's most out of his mind already, listenin' to speechin' from mornin' till night; an' he roars out in his sleep, 'The counsellor for ever!' rousin' up all the childer like a clap o' tunder, an' flourishin' his arms as if they was wind-mills. An' sure we wouldn't care if he was to get my good by it; but he won't; only comin' home to me wid his bones in smithereens, maybe."

The "ladies" were recognising, in their own homely way, the great fact that an overweening attention to matters political was a domestic and social bane in Ireland. The cottar left his own proper business—digging his potatoes, or tending his cattle, or labouring for a day's hire—to join a shouting mob about any conceivable subject, but especially about an election. In this cause he was ready to bruise and be bruised, to beat and be beaten, no matter what interests of his own suffered thereby. Common sense has considerably modified this feeling of late years.

All the week Doon and its electoral divisions were in a ferment. The popular party were straining every nerve for the return of their nominee; and though Captain Gerald affected a sublime indifference, yet his party were working might and main also—led in every crooked transaction by Mr. Bailiff Bodkin, with his hand in a sling.

## NOTES ON RECENT STORMS.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, ESQ., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

THE numerous storms which have visited Great Britain during the last five or six years have frequently formed the subject, not only of scientific discussion and research, but also of popular remark. Papers have been read before the Royal Society and the British Meteorological Society, in which every fact, based upon reliable obser-

vation, has been recorded; but, notwithstanding that the various data have been thus so carefully observed and collated, each succeeding storm passes over the country, inflicting its ravages without following any definite law, by a knowledge of which the meteorologist might be enabled to predict approximately the approach of a gale, and thus, by timely notice, prevent much maritime disaster.

Something, however, has been tried, and occasionally the warning given has been the means of saving many lives. It may be a matter of controversy whether the method of signalling employed by Admiral Fitzroy has or has not been successful; but it is unquestionably acknowledged by all scientific men who have devoted their attention to meteorology, that the method of foretelling the weather, as carried out at the Board of Trade, is the only legitimate one. Most readers of the daily newspapers pass lightly over a small table of figures frequently inserted near the shipping intelligence; but it contains, nevertheless, the elements of the meteorological information which is analysed by Admiral Fitzroy's central department. If we now look at this table, we shall see the pressure of the atmosphere, the temperature of the air, the temperature at which dew is formed, the force and direction of the wind, the amount of cloud, and the quantity of rain fallen in the preceding twenty-four hours duly recorded at stations situated in all quarters of these islands, and a few on the Continent;—in Great Britain, from Dover and Yarmouth in the east, to Penzance in the west; from Portsmouth and Weymouth in the south, to Nairn in the north; in Ireland, from the extreme northern and western ports of Greencastle, Galway, and Valencia to Cape Clear in the south; and, finally, from the ports of Brest, Rochefort, and L'Orient on the western coast of France to the island of Heligoland in the east.

The observations are made simultaneously at eight A.M., and forwarded immediately by telegraph to the Board of Trade, where, within two hours, the whole of the records are generally delivered. These daily results are at once analysed, the deductions drawn from them, and the table forwarded to the evening papers for insertion. Some of the stations forward a second series of observations in the afternoon. We can thus easily comprehend how, by comparing the direction of the wind at the different stations, by noticing the pressure and hygrometrical state of the atmosphere, and also by knowing from previously recorded facts that it is tolerably certain that most storms have a revolving tendency as well as a progressive motion, the "clerk of the weather" may give some notice of an anticipated storm. In making these forecasts, as they are termed, there is no mystery attached; there is no claim to any astro-meteorological knowledge, but simply a discussion, by a clear head, of well-recorded data, made with instruments which, before their use, have been tested by competent persons. The term "forecast" may therefore be considered as an opinion resulting from scientific combination and calculation, but liable occasionally to err, on account of sudden atmospheric causes which arise, and which no amount of meteorological knowledge can predict. Since 1861, when the first warning signals were sent to the different ports, experience has done much in increasing the skill and foresight of those whose duty it is to analyse the observations. The deductions do not depend on one individual; they are the results of facts, accurately recorded, obtained by established rules which have been most carefully prepared by Admiral Fitzroy and his staff.

In France a similar series of observations are made

under the superintendence of M. Le Verrier, of the Imperial Observatory, with the additional advantage of stations in Algiers, and in nearly every country in Europe. The observations are published daily in the "Bulletin Météorologique," and forwarded by post in every direction. The results from the British stations are included in M. Le Verrier's "Bulletin."

The registration of the changes in the state of the weather has for a long period been a favourite pursuit of the amateur meteorologist, but, generally, little confidence can be placed in the instruments with which the observations have been made. The assistant-secretary of the Royal Society always kept a journal, which has been of great value to the science. This record has, however, been discontinued for some years. The new era in accurate meteorological observations commenced with the establishment of the Magnetical and Meteorological Observatory at Greenwich, in the year 1840. Meteorological science has also received a great impulse under the auspices of the British Meteorological Society and its secretary, Mr. Glaisher.

From the immense mass of figures contained in the published Greenwich observations, it is our purpose to gather a few facts connected with the subject of this paper, and to show briefly to what extent this country has been visited by storms of magnitude during the last twenty years.

In all cases connected with the atmospheric condition of most countries, locality bears a most important part. It has been plainly shown, on several occasions, by the anemometer erected at a private observatory in Staffordshire, that the wind is, in most instances, diminished or checked by its passage over land. Mountain ranges have great influence over the direction as well as the velocity of the wind, independently of alterations caused by changes of temperature. Even those elevated portions of Wales and Scotland whose altitudes reach from two to four thousand feet above the level of the sea are found to have a great effect in causing a retardation of the velocity, in addition to giving a tendency to an alteration in the direction.

It has been observed that a series of cyclones, or revolving storms, not unfrequently follow each other for several weeks in succession, the advanced members of the series being often overtaken by those following, the interference causing much local disturbance. But, amidst all the complexity which such combinations may occasion, the most violent storms, particularly those which are the most dangerous, exhibit the simple cyclonic character, with scarcely any exception. Mr. W. Stevenson remarks that "It is thus with the law of storms as with the law of gravitation; the grand results of both are exceedingly simple, but the minor details become more and more complicated in proportion to their minuteness."

In an examination of the wind records, it will be sufficient that we extract the indications shown on the daily sheets of Osler's anemometer, a self-registering instrument, which has been in use at the Royal Observatory since the year 1841. We shall confine ourselves, however, solely to the amount of pressure in pounds on the square foot on those days only when the maximum gusts have reached at least 10 lbs. This limit is adopted for convenience, and also as the point when the wind may be considered as blowing an average gale. From the 1st of January, 1843, to the 31st of December, 1862, the Greenwich records thus show that gales, during the continuance of which pressures of 10 lbs. and upwards on the square foot have been registered, have taken place on 192 separate days. By subdividing these

farther, it is found that pressures from 10 lbs. to 15 lbs. were registered on 142 days; from 15 lbs. to 20 lbs. on 38 days; and pressures varying from 20 lbs. to 28 lbs., representing storms of more than average magnitude, on 12 days. The dates of these twelve greatest pressures which the Greenwich anemometer has recorded are—two in 1843, on January 13 and February 4; one in 1849, on February 28; one in 1850, on February 6; one in 1852, on December 27; one in 1859, on November 1; four in 1860, on February 27 and 28, May 28, and June 2; one in 1861, on February 21; and one in 1862, on October 23. These dates are given solely on account of the high pressures recorded, and not in consequence of any special disastrous results of the storms; for, in truth, scarcely one of the 192 gales selected for illustration has subsided without leaving in its train a considerable loss of life or property. Many of the storms occurring on other days have been scarcely inferior in violence to those mentioned above, and in which a great destruction of shipping has taken place, and yet the wind in the neighbourhood of London has only been blowing an ordinary gale. This was the case on the night of the loss of the "Royal Charter," the highest pressure registered at Greenwich being only 13 lbs. on the square foot.

It has become a subject for popular remark that the "Royal Charter" storm was the precursor of a long series of destructive gales. It is interesting to show that this general opinion is sensibly true, if we commence the stormy cycle at the preceding winter; for the constant succession of gale after gale in the winters 1858-9 and 1859-60 will long be remembered. As an illustration of this great increase of late years, we have found that, during the five years 1843-47, the total number of storms in which the maximum pressure was 10 lbs. and upwards was 29; during the years 1848-52, the number was 36; during the years 1853-57, the number was 26; and, finally, during the five subsequent years, ending with 1862, the total number of these heavy gales had increased to 105. In 1852 there was nearly a complete absence of heavy storms, the pressure of the wind being only once greater than 10 lbs. In contrast to this, between the 7th of October, 1858, and the 17th of March, 1859, there were no fewer than 27 like instances; while, in the following winter, between the 26th of October, 1859—the day on which the "Royal Charter" was wrecked—to the 25th of March, 1860, 31 gales visited this country, during each of which the maximum wind pressure at Greenwich was equal to at least 10 lbs. on the square foot.

Much attention has been given of late years to the development of the theory of hurricanes, revolving storms, etc., particularly by Colonel Sir W. Reid, Mr. Redfield, and Mr. Piddington. The "Sailor's Horn-book for the Law of Storms," by Mr. Piddington, is full of interest and information to the navigator. Sir John Herschel says that the cyclonic or revolving storms differ from mere local and temporary exaggerations of the regular atmospheric currents in this:—"that they are in the nature of vortices or circulating movements, participated in by masses of air of from 50 to 500 miles in diameter, revolving the more rapidly the nearer the centre, up to a certain distance, or radius, within which there is a calm. The place of this centre of rotation meanwhile advances steadily along a definite line upon the globe, with a velocity varying from two to thirty or forty miles an hour, or even more." In a late balloon ascent by Mr. Coxwell, in company with some military officers, the great distance of sixty miles was passed over in about an hour.

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Cyclonic gales are, almost without exception, accompanied by great oscillations of the atmospheric wave, as exhibited by the barometer. A great depression in the height of the mercury invariably takes place, the cause of which has been fairly explained by Mr. Redfield and Sir W. Reid. It is supposed that a whirlwind which sets an extended portion of the atmosphere into a state of rapid revolution, diminishes the pressure of the atmosphere over that portion of the earth's surface in immediate connection with it, but most of all in the centre of the whirl. The depth of the compressing volume will, at the centre, be least, and its weight will be diminished in proportion to the violence of the whirl. This idea may be illustrated if we take a tumbler half-full of water, and, after putting the water into rapid revolution, hold it up against a strong light. The surface of the water will be seen to be depressed in the centre of the whirl. The liquid will serve to represent the atmosphere, and, if the tumbler be moved over a fixed point, in the manner in which a progressive revolving gale would move over it, it will show how the mercury in the barometer begins to fall as the storm sets in; how it continues to fall until the centre is passed, and afterwards rises and resumes its former level when the storm has passed over.

In the winter of 1842-3 two very severe gales devastated these islands. The first was on the 13th of January, when a maximum pressure of 25 lbs. on the square foot was registered on the anemometer sheet at Greenwich. This gale was also remarkable for the unusual great depression of the barometer reading, amounting at the same place to 28.096 inches. The second storm occurred on February 4, the highest wind pressure being 20 lbs. On this day London was visited by an extraordinary high tide, the houses and wharves on the banks of the Thames, at Lambeth and Vauxhall, being flooded to a depth of 10 feet; in one of the streets at Greenwich the water reached a distance of 250 feet from the river.

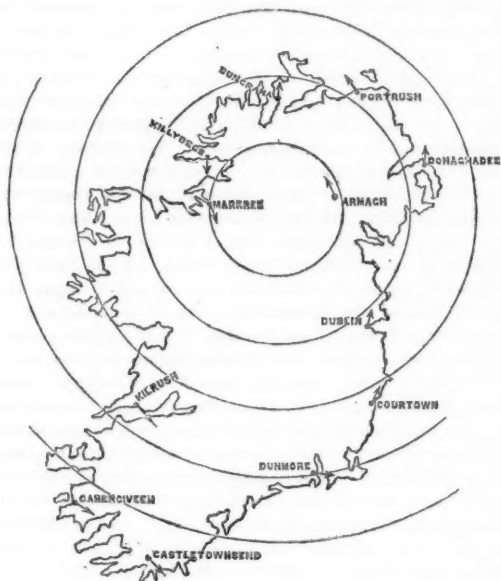


Diagram showing the course of the great cyclone of November 19, 1850. The arrows represent the direction of the wind at each station at 9 A.M.

On the 19th of November, 1850, a remarkable cyclone

which passed over Ireland was most efficiently observed, and illustrates clearly the general effect of this class of gale. In England this storm was not severely felt, but, five days afterwards, there was a very severe one, in which the maximum pressure of the wind equalled 19 lbs. In this Irish gale, which was reported to the Royal Irish Academy by Dr. Lloyd, it was observed that, at 9 o'clock in the morning on the 19th, the wind was blowing from N. at Killybegs, and from S. at Donaghadee; from S.E. at Portrush, and from N.W. at Castletownsend; from S.S.E. at Armagh, and from N.N.W. at Markree. The centre of the vortex was therefore over Ireland at that time, and between the stations mentioned.

On referring to the diagram, it is evidently seen that the directions of the wind at 9 A.M. are very nearly tangents to concentric circles, changing, of course, at different epochs. It was found that the centre of the vortex had a progressive motion from W.S.W. to E.N.E., and that it first reached the western shores of Ireland from the Atlantic about 3 A.M. on the 19th, and quitted the north-eastern at about 3 P.M. of the same day. The centre of the vortex at 9 A.M. was over the north of the island, in lat.  $54^{\circ} 20'$ , and long.  $7^{\circ} 30'$  nearly.

Another gale of the same class occurred on the 10th and 11th of August, 1852. This storm devastated the south coast of England, especially near Portland, where the greatest violence appears to have been recorded. The interest attached to this storm was increased by the circumstance that her Majesty and royal family had sailed from Portsmouth for Antwerp shortly before the commencement, and fears were entertained for the safety of the squadron. But, from the progressive nature of the gale, it was afterwards found that, while Portland and its neighbourhood were suffering from its violence, her Majesty arrived at her destination before the fury of the tempest affected Belgium.

But perhaps the storm which has excited the most attention of late years, and which is likely to continue memorable for some time to come, on account of the great destruction of life and property, is that which happened on the 26th of October, 1859, and in which the celebrated screw steamer "Royal Charter," 2719 tons, was wrecked near Moelfra, a rugged portion of the Anglesea coast. This ship had just completed a favourable voyage from Melbourne, having 498 souls on board, including the crew, and treasure amounting to about eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. Out of this great mass of human freight, only thirty-nine were saved. This gale, which has been proved to be completely cyclonic, passed over the middle of England, and has been more fully investigated than any storm hitherto, chiefly on account of the establishment, in recent years, of so many private meteorological observatories. One fact connected with it shows that the locality over which this celebrated storm exhibited extraordinary violence was extremely limited, as, on the same day, the Atlantic on the south-western coast of Ireland was more than usually calm and serene. It is a remarkable fact, also, that, while the "Royal Charter" had the power of steam, in addition to that of sails, a sailing ship, "The Cumming," controlled differently, bore the full effects of the storm uninjured, only a few miles distant.

The gales of February 27th and 28th, 1860, were remarkable for their extraordinary violence. The greatest pressure at Greenwich reached to 28 lbs. on the square foot. More trees were blown down in the London parks than on any day within recollection. A great destruction of shipping took place, including the steamer

"Nimrod," wrecked off St. David's Head, with a loss of thirty lives. Two other gales in this year—one on May 28th, and the other on June 2nd and 3rd—were very destructive, particularly to the Yarmouth fishing-boats, several of which were lost with their crews, numbering 186 men. On the 21st of February, 1861, a severe storm swept over England, during which the spire of Chichester Cathedral fell. The central tower, which carried the spire, was begun by Bishop Neville in 1222, the spire itself having been raised in 1337. This celebrated landmark is likely to be speedily restored, under the direction of Mr. Scott, the Gothic architect. During the storm the anemometer at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, registered a pressure of 31 lbs. on the square foot. From December 19th to the 21st, 1862, a continuous gale passed over England and France, causing great destruction of shipping. During this storm the "Lifeguard" steamer was lost off Yorkshire, with all the crew and passengers, numbering fifty persons.

A storm of short duration, but exceedingly violent, partaking more of the character of a squall, took place on the 30th of October, 1863, causing a considerable amount of damage. The roof of an engine-shed was blown off at the New Cross Railway station, by which several men were killed or severely injured. This storm was remarkable for the sudden and violent shifts of wind which took place at the same time, and at many places, in a nearly meridional direction across England, by way of Oxford, Greenwich, Nottingham, and other towns, which appeared unaccountable to most meteorologists. These sudden changes of the wind may be probably explained by supposing parallel currents of air, moving rapidly side by side in opposite directions, with occasional lateral movement. On this occasion Osler's anemometer, at the Royal Observatory, recorded the greatest pressure which has ever taken place at Greenwich since the establishment of the Meteorological Observatory in 1840. The wind pressure on the square foot amounted at the height of the storm to about 30 lbs. Fortunately, the continuance of the gale was short, or much more damage would have been done.

The violent gale which raged over England and France on the 2nd and 3rd of December, 1863, will long be remembered as one of the most destructive hurricanes which ever visited this portion of Europe. Whatever the character of this celebrated storm was, though there is little doubt but that it was purely cyclonic, no gale has left more disastrous results on our shores; no section of the country was exempted from its fury. The loss of life was very great, if we sum up the different fatal wrecks, including a German emigrant ship, which fell a victim to the violence of the gale on the Dutch coast.

The first indication of the approaching storm in the neighbourhood of London was early on the morning of December 2nd. At 8 A.M. the low pressure of the atmosphere was shown by the depressed state of the mercury in the barometer, the reading being 29.04 inches. During the morning the wind was blowing rather fresh from the S.S.W., occasionally shifting to W.S.W. and W. Between 2 and 3 P.M. the wind suddenly increased to a heavy gale, the direction having changed to N.W. At 3 P.M. the gusts were terrific, accompanied by torrents of rain. At this time the anemometer at Lloyd's, in the Royal Exchange, showed a pressure of 25 lbs. on the square foot: the Greenwich instrument at the corresponding time registered about 23 lbs. pressure. The gale moderated considerably in the evening, and, during a few hours in the night, had almost entirely subsided. However, at an early hour in the morning of December 3rd,

it again raged with renewed violence, and continued, with a varying pressure from 8 lbs. to 21 lbs., throughout the greater part of the day, the direction of the wind being generally W. and S.W.

One great peculiarity in this destructive storm was, that the maximum pressure of the wind was very similar at most of the principal towns in England—Liverpool perhaps excepted. In Scotland, however, the gale was very little felt. At Liverpool, where it was asserted that such a storm had not been known for a long period of years, the anemometer is reported to have registered, on December 3rd, the enormous pressure of 43 lbs. on the square foot. Probably there may be a little exaggeration in this; but there is abundant proof that the gale in that neighbourhood, and on the north-western coast of Wales, blew with a terrific force. On the same day at Lloyd's, London, the extreme pressure was 30 lbs.; at Greenwich, 21 lbs.; at Beeston, near Nottingham, 28½ lbs.; at Birmingham, 26 lbs.; at Bristol, 20 lbs.; and at Wisbeach, 20 lbs. These illustrations of the amount of pressure are sufficient to show that the gale was one of no ordinary violence, and that its maximum force was tolerably equally distributed over the whole of the south and midland counties, including Wales.

In a storm of such magnitude, the density and weight of the atmosphere will necessarily undergo violent changes; it is interesting, therefore, just to notice the great oscillations of the atmospheric waves. It is only necessary, however, to give, as an example, the barometer readings observed in London at 8 A.M., from December 1 to 4. On December 1 the reading was 29.87 inches; on December 2, 29.04 inches; on December 3, 28.98 inches; and on December 4, 30.36 inches. The great variations are remarkable, especially between the mornings of December 3 and 4. If the readings observed at the other stations in England are examined, it will be found that similar rapid changes in the pressure of the atmosphere are exhibited without exception.

The effects of such a storm are sure to be disastrous in every direction; and we have only to examine the daily journals of the time to see the fearful record of havoc and distress over every portion of our shores. In this slight sketch it is impossible to mention the different casualties; and we must content ourselves with only a few incidents which have happened in various localities, merely as illustrations of the violence of the gale. In different parts of London stacks of chimneys were blown down, trees uprooted; several roofs were completely blown off, the destruction everywhere being very great. A little girl lost her life at Newington Butts, near the "Elephant and Castle," by the falling of a stack of chimneys, which fell on a small cottage, the roof of which was forced in. At a public-house in Bethnal Green, the upper portion of the building gave way, the roof, rafters, and beams falling into the interior of the house. At the corner of Botolph Lane, Lower Thames Street, a large chimney stack came down with a crash, injuring several persons, some dangerously. In fact, accidents of this kind were continually occurring during the storm. The telegraph wires across Tottenham Court Road, and also at Greenwich, were blown down, causing much temporary inconvenience. On the Thames the gale swept along with great fury, giving to the usually calm river, in some of the exposed reaches, as much sea as is generally found on the other side of the Nore. Besides numerous small accidents, several large ships were temporarily driven on shore.

In the country scarcely a town escaped from the ravages of the gale. At Peterborough one of the pinnacles of the cathedral was blown down, as well as the

gable ends of several houses. Throughout Staffordshire and the Midland counties great havoc was made. At the Highfield House private observatory, near Nottingham, considerable damage was done to the building and instruments: a rain-gauge, etc., were carried away, the wind-vane and electrical wheel of the "atmospheric recorder" injured, and the large telescope spun round and thrown over with so much violence as to force its way through the roof of the house. At Bristol a stone weighing fourteen pounds was hurled from the tower of All Saints' church into a crowded thoroughfare, but, fortunately, without injuring any person. At Taunton a chimney 100 feet high was blown down, severely injuring three men. These few cases are but specimens of accidents nearly universal over England.

At sea, and on the coasts, so many melancholy remembrances are left of this storm, that many years must elapse before the distress occasioned by it will be forgotten. About 200 casualties were reported; but the only one that we have space to record is the wreck of the ship "Wilhelmsborg," which was driven on the Terschelling sandbank, a dangerous shoal near the entrance to the Zuyder Zee. Nearly 300 lives were lost, mostly German emigrants. At Holyhead the storm appears to have been felt more severely than on any other part of the English coast. The destruction of shipping near this place was greater than ever before remembered. Many lives were lost, but about sixty were saved by the lifeboats. On the coast of Cornwall, which at all times is a dangerous locality, several vessels were driven ashore and lives lost. Indeed, no portion of the coast escaped from the ravages of the gale.

Great damage was also done on the coasts and interior of France. Between 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. on the 2nd of December the storm was very violent over Paris, Bordeaux, and the northern and western portions of the country. At the former time the south of France was unvisited, but the gale progressed towards the Mediterranean during the day. M. Le Verrier terms it a terrific cyclone, with a progressive movement towards the south. The accidents in France were quite as numerous and serious as in England.

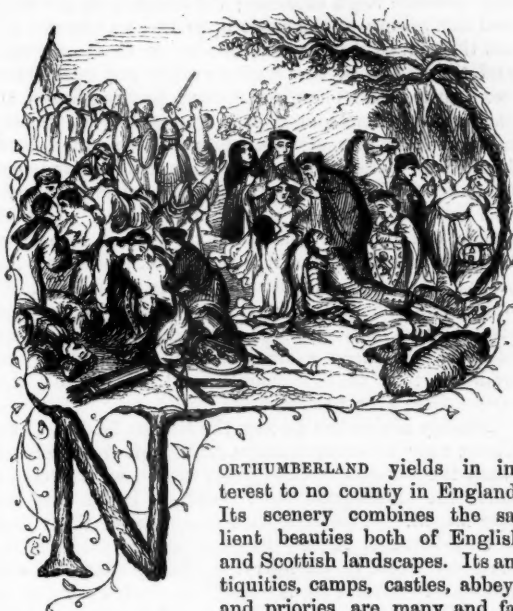
By constructing a meteorological map from the morning observations registered at all the British and Continental stations, we have found that the gale first reached the north-west coast of Ireland early on December 1, the centre of the cyclone at 8 A.M. being distant about 200 miles at sea. At the corresponding time on December 2 the centre had reached Shrewsbury, having a progressive movement towards the south; at 1 P.M. the storm was raging with its greatest violence over a considerable portion of France. On December 3 the barometer rose rapidly, when the course of the cyclone appears to have changed, for, on the morning of that day, the centre was near the neighbourhood of York. It then took an easterly direction, having been, on the morning of December 4, over Denmark, north of Copenhagen; and, early on December 5, it had reached the eastern part of the Prussian coast, near Memel. After this, nothing reliable has been obtained, though the meteorological observations since received from various localities in European Russia plainly indicate that the storm passed over the greater portion of that country.

It is some satisfaction to know that, though the loss of life and property in this gale was so great, yet many lives most probably were saved through Admiral Fitzroy's warning signals, which were forwarded to each station before the storm commenced. The belief in the admiral's predictions was the means of preventing many ships leaving port.

## CHEVY CHASE.

BY CUTHBERT REDD.

CHAPTER I.—MARTIAL.



**N**ORTHUMBERLAND yields in interest to no county in England. Its scenery combines the salient beauties both of English and Scottish landscapes. Its antiquities, camps, castles, abbeys and priories are many and famous; and its history has been so marked by stirring events that there is scarcely a hill or dale throughout the county that has not been celebrated in legend or song.

The portion of Northumberland that saw more feuds and fightings than almost any other part of England was that debatable Border-land\* from Otterburn to



1. The Banner of Douglas, borne at Otterburn. 2. Hotspur's Pennon, captured by Douglas, and to regain which Hotspur fought the battle of Otterburn.

\* Perpetual hostilities and bloodshed characterized the whole country of the Borderers, and rendered it debatable ground. But "the Debatable Land," properly so called, was a considerable tract upon the West Marches, lying between the rivers Sark and Esk, which was inhabited by the most desperate outlaws, the allegiance of whom was claimed by both nations and rendered to neither. In 1552 it was divided by commissioners of the two nations, the upper or more western part being

Flodden, where the Cheviot Hills and their offshoots rise and spread in huge rolling waves of grass. A happy change has now come over the scene. Pastoral peace and quietude reign supreme; the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the cattle upon those thousand hills are the sounds that have succeeded the clash of swords and the shouts of the battle; swords and spears have been turned into ploughshares and pruning-hooks, and the fierce passions and lawless desires that led to deeds of rapine and acts of violence, and which so frequently kindled the hottest fires of fight, have now given place to more Christian feelings and humanizing pursuits. The corn grows bravely now on many a spot where the people will tell you that its luxuriance is to be attributed to the slaughter that there took place some four or five centuries ago, when blood was poured out like water, and the ground was made fertile by the gory stream; and battle-grounds and encampments may still be traced on many a moor, and fell, and haugh; and tradition tells of the Douglas and Percy, how they strove there even to death.

Notably is this the case on the famous field of Chevy Chase, near Otterburn, where, well nigh five centuries since, the Douglas and the Percy met in what Froissart calls "the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought." The strife took place near to the village of Otterburn, on those "haughs," or flat fields, where the river Reed, in its hurrying course from the wild heights of Carter Fell, is joined by the little brook, or burn, of Otter. History and song give their own varying accounts of the battle. History calls it the Battle of Otterburn, and tells us that, on the 19th of August, 1388,

"Upon a Wednesday"

—as says the old ballad of "The Battle of Otterburn," which gives a more circumstantial and true account of the strife than is contained in the more celebrated ballad of "Chevy Chase"—the Scots, under Douglas, being before Otterburn Castle, whither they had come after a successful tour, in which the burning of castles, together with their inhabitants, and the plundering of towns and villages, and fat abbays and abbots, had formed their chief pastime, were either taking their supper, or had sunk to sleep lulled by the babbling of the burn and river, when their quiet and rest were suddenly disturbed by the advance of the English who, under the command of famous Harry Hotspur, rushed upon them with their battle-cry, "A Percy! A Percy!" Then, by the light of the moon, they fought at each other fiercely. Douglas performed prodigies of valour, and when at length he fell, three spears transfixd him. With his last breath he gave thanks that he died not in his chamber upon his bed, but, like his forefathers, upon the field of battle. The English army strode over his dead body, unconscious of his fall, for his followers, in obedience to his command, had borne on his banner, and sustained the cry of "Douglas! Douglas!" and so, through some hours of moonlight, the fight was fierce and furious, until the English, worn out by their double labours of the long march and the long fight, were vanquished, nearly 4000, out of 8000 or 10,000, being either killed, wounded, or prisoners. Among the last was "the gallant Hotspur, young Harry Percy," who was afterwards made to build, for his ransom, the castle of Penvon, in Ayrshire; while "the gallant chief of Otterburn" found his last resting-place beneath the high altar at Melrose, as the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" tells us.

assigned to Scotland, and the lower portion to England. In describing the encounters of these Borderers Froissart sums up thus:—"In fighting one with another, there is no play, nor sparing."

Thus far, Froissart, Carte, and history; and it would appear from Froissart's account that the cause of this famous battle was nothing more nor less than a bit of embroidered silk. In one of the fights before Newcastle the Earl of Douglas and Sir Henry Percy had met in single combat, in which Douglas bore off Hotspur's pennon, and told him that he would carry it away with him to Scotland, and place it on the tower of his castle at Dalkeith, that it might be seen afar. With an oath, Hotspur replied that he should never have his pennon to brag of, and should not even bear it out of Northumberland. "You must come, then," said Douglas, "this night, and seek for it. I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away." But Percy was unable to do this; and the next morning the Scots broke up their camp and marched to Otterburn, where Douglas proposed to wait three days, to see if, within that time, Percy would come for his pennon. He did so; and the battle ensued in which Douglas was slain and Percy taken prisoner. This pennon, that led to such notable results, together with the banner borne by Douglas at the battle of Otterburn, is engraved in the second volume of Sir Walter Scott's "Border Antiquities," and has here been copied on a reduced scale.

So much for Froissart and history. But the legendary ballad makes the battle to have arisen on the Chevy Chase—the extensive hunting-grounds of the then wooded Cheviot Hills, in a chase of the Cheviot deer. Percy, "the stout Earl of Northumberland," had made a vow that he would hunt the deer for three days in Earl Douglas's border-woods, and was answered that his sport would be prevented. Percy went with his gallant greyhounds and 1500 bowmen; they hunted all the morning, and before high noon a hundred fat bucks had been slain. While Percy was viewing them, and saying that the Douglas had broken his promise, there came in sight "full twenty hundred Scottish spears," and

"Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of the company,  
Whose armour shone like gold,"

like that of the bold Sir Lancelot, or like Virgil's Turnus, as Mr. Spectator reminds us in No. 74 of his papers, wherein he adduces many passages from the *Æneid* which, in sentiment and expression, are curiously like to certain "beautiful strokes" in "Chevy Chase." Then the Douglas and the Percy and their followers clashed together in fight; and how fierce was the contest, and how brave and vindictive were the combatants, we may judge from the conduct of that gallant gentleman—handed down to posterity by the name of Witherington—who, when his legs were smitten off, did not cry for quarter, but valorously "fought upon his stumps," thereby presenting a picture of heroism under difficulties, a *pendant* to which is not to be found in the extensive gallery of "Border Ballads." I do not forget Ancrum Moor and Lilliard's Edge, and the young Scottish lady who is said to have displayed such amazonian prowess; but I suspect that there is something apocryphal in the following inscription, which (according to Border tradition) might formerly have been seen on her tombstone:—

"Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stone;  
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;  
On the English lads she laid many thumps,  
And, when her legs were off, she fought upon her stumps."

Either this mode of fighting must have been an idiosyncrasy of the Scottish people,\* or else the last line

\* Scottish amazons, however, were by no means rare in the Border fouds. Hollinshed says that, in the fight at Naworth, in 1570, between

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of the tombstone quatrain is a vile plagiarism from the old ballad. Percy and Douglas are then dramatically made to meet in single combat, like two mad lions. They both fall, and Percy takes the dying Douglas by the hand, and tells him that he would give all his land to save him; with which words of gratuitous compliment, having thus proved himself to be the very flower of chivalry, he is finished by the spear of Sir Hugh Montgomery, and dies—in the ballad, that is, which was evidently written by a Scotsman, who could not permit his own Paladin to be slain without an equivalent from the enemy's side. But history shows us that Hotspur survived the battle fifteen years, and fell on the field of Shrewsbury, July 21st, 1403. Who slew him is not known, though Shakespeare has poetical authority on his side for making him fall by the hand of Prince Henry, and the world will perhaps deny that Falstaff killed him after fighting a long hour by Shrewsbury clock; but, then, as the fat knight says, "the world is given to lying."



THE BATTLE STONE, OTTERBURN, AND FIELD OF CHEVY CHASE.

Dr. Arnold, in contrasting the romantic history of the Gaulish invasions with the sober narrative of Polybius, illustrates the case by a comparison drawn from the points of difference in the historical account of the battle of Otterburn and the poetical battle of Chevy Chase. The contradictions meet us to this day on the very field of fight. The visitor to Otterburn sees a pillar, somewhat coffin-shaped, which, with its pedestal, is about twenty feet in height. If your guide be a Borderer, whose very being is impregnated with Border traditions, and whose only historical knowledge is drawn from ballads, he will tell you that this pillar is called "The Percy Cross," and was erected to commemorate Earl Percy's death on the spot where he fell in the woeful hunting of Chevy Chase. But, if your guide be not a slave to tradition and the ballad, he will tell you that the pillar is called "The Battle Stone, and was erected

on the spot where Douglas fell, and that the name of "Percy's Cross," or, more correctly, "Percy's Leap," is transferred to a rudely-carved monolith (of which a sketch is here given) standing about eight yards from another stone, on Hedgley Moor, and marking the distance which Hotspur's brother, Sir Ralph Percy, leapt on receiving his death wound. *Utrum horum*—whichever you please, my little dears; if it isn't heads, it's tails; if it is not Douglas, 'tis Percy; and perhaps "The Battle Stone" is the better name, because it fits both the historical and poetical legend.



PERCY'S CROSS, HEDGLEY MOOR.

When Bird the artist painted his *chef-d'œuvre*, "The Field of Chevy Chase on the Day of the Battle" (a sketch of which is given with the initial letter to this chapter), he took the ballad view of the story, and denotes the origin of the fray by depicting in the foreground a dog and dead deer. In the centre is stretched the body of Hotspur, over whom Lady Percy, attended by her maids, is seen in an attitude of intense conventional grief—though it is hard to say how she could have reached the spot on the morning after the battle, seeing that her husband had come up to Otterburn, some thirty or forty miles from Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and, if she had not been left there, she would probably have been at Alnwick, which was some thirty miles to the north-east. However, a picture is a picture, and a ballad is a ballad, and we are not compelled to go to either for our historical knowledge; so we may dismiss the pictorial finding of the body of Percy on the field of Chevy Chase to that artistic limbo to which has been consigned the once-popular "Finding of the Body of Harold." This Chevy Chase picture is considered to be the masterpiece of this self-taught artist, whose start in life was as a painter of Wolverhampton tea-trays. At that time (1780, 1800) the tea-tray was usually placed upright on the side-table of middle-class families, and was made an object of art and a room decoration by being ornamented with a well-executed painting. I have seen at Wolverhampton some of Bird's tea-trays which, it is needless to say, were distinguished by the excellence of the central painting, and which are highly prized by their possessors, who, in some cases, had cut out the painting and had framed it, like a picture painted on copper. Did Chevy Chase ever form a subject for one of Bird's tea-trays, it would have been popular. "The old song of 'Chevy Chase,'" says Addison, in No. 70 of the "Spec-

Leonard Dacres and Lord Hursdon, the former had in his company "many desperate women, who there gave the adventure of their lives, and fought right stoutly." Early and daily familiarity with scenes of hazard, blood, and death would necessarily assimilate the habits of the women to those of the men.

tator," "is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works." As soon as Bird had painted it, he found the subject to be so popular that the graver's art had to be called in aid to place the design in the hands of the public. Sir Walter Scott bought the original sketch, and the Duke of Sutherland became the owner of the picture at the price of three hundred guineas—a goodly sum in those old-fashioned days, but a mere flea-bite in this pre-Raffaellist era, when a few square inches of elaborated details will readily command as large a price. Bird's picture should have graced the home of a Douglas or Percy; but the present representative of the Percies has not forgotten Chevy Chase. Among those decorations which have converted the interior of the old Gothic stronghold of Alnwick Castle into an Italian palazzo, is a grand staircase, terminating in a vestibule, which is being adorned with paintings of scenes from the "Battle of Chevy Chase." When, in December, 1859, the Duke of Northumberland gave a banquet to the six hundred and fifty men employed on the building and estate, the *pièce de résistance* of the feast was a baron of beef, which was borne in on a huge dish carried by four men, and preceded by his grace's piper, playing the wild weird notes of "Chevy Chase." Did the reader ever hear it, out on the Cheviots, droned on a bag-pipe? There is not much melody in it, but it seems to suit the rugged words, and the still more rugged deeds embalmed in those words. It is very old—how old I know not; but it is supposed to date back at least to Henry VI's time. Sir Philip Sidney heard it sung "by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style;" and he tells us that he never heard the old song that he "found not his heart more moved than with a trumpet."

Well, after all, it is a happy thing for the world that "the age of chivalry is gone," and given place (as Sir James Mackintosh says) in government and religion to commerce and learning, instead of the ferocity and turbulence produced by the barbarism and superstition of the feudal system. It is a happy thing that the chivalry of the Chevy Chase age should exist but in ballads and pictures, and that the stories of those Border forays can only be told by tradition, and are not the nineteenth century records of contemporary deeds. That same Douglas, who was termed "the flower of Border knight-hood," and "the good Sir James," had, a short time previous to the battle of Chevy Chase, proved that his ferocity was equal to his rapacity by burning his English prisoners on a heap of corn and wine casks that he was unable to carry away; and he and his soldiers (as Sir Walter Scott himself tells us) were "said to have amused themselves by playing at football with the heads of the slain." The worst forms of violence and crime were commonly practised by these flowers of knighthood and chivalry—flowers of the deadly nightshade class, which, it is to be hoped, are now exotics, and foreign to the soil. True, both Percy and Douglas vied with each other in a courage which was that of the lion; but, then, we must remember that the lion is but a brute at the best. The two heroes of Chevy Chase were the representatives of the chivalries of the day.

"The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confident against the world in arms,"

said Shakespeare; and let us hope that these two lines depict the present happy union of the two races of whom Douglas and Percy were such notable examples.

There is a spirited American poem, which is not so

well known in its entirety as it deserves to be, wherein the author,\* after having mused on

"The legend of the Cheviot day,  
The Percy's proudest border story,"

and on all the other glories of the feudal times, suddenly changes his romantic tone, and drops down from fable to fact, finding that the modern knights of "Teviot's bard and hero land" are "men in the coal and cattle line," and that

"Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
The Douglas in red herrings."

And far better is it that the Douglasses and Percies should transact a legitimate business in a peaceable way than levy black mail, or drive off their neighbours' kyloes by Border raids, or scheme how they can best annihilate each other by devastating each other's possessions with fire and sword. "Chevy Chase" is certainly a grand and heroic ballad—as a ballad—and tells of valiant deeds and gallant gentlemen; but the triumphs of civilization and agriculture offer far nobler themes for our consideration. In another chapter we will consider Chevy Chase from its present, pastoral point of view.

## RECENT AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.

### CHAPTER III.

ON July 5th, 1852, Dr. Barth received a despatch from the English Foreign Office, dated October 7th, 1851, being an answer to his letter, in which he had communicated the sad news of Mr. Richardson's death. He was, by this despatch, confirmed as the chief of the exploring expedition, and could reasonably expect that at his return in Kúkawa he should find supplies to relieve him and his fellow-traveller in their extreme financial distress. On August 10th, 1852, Dr. Barth again reached Kúkawa. On August 31st the Sultan of Bornu sealed the long-awaited for treaty of commerce with England.

Our traveller found his friend Overweg in bad health. He died in October of that year. Dr. Barth buried him close to the shore of the Lake Tsad, which he had navigated in all directions. Humanly speaking, poor Overweg's early death was due to his own carelessness. He was constantly exposing himself, and his last illness was brought on by keeping on his wet clothes after going through deep water in one of his sporting excursions.

The iron boat Mr. Richardson had caused to be made in England for the very purpose of navigating this lake, and which he so carefully and with so many troubles conveyed through Africa, was used by Mr. Overweg for his exploring navigations. The boat was left on the Lake Tsad; and, as long as a remnant of that iron boat lasts, it will serve as a monument for the people of Bornu, and the still more savage islanders of Lake Tsad, to convince them of the existence and the superiority of England.

The death of his friend induced Dr. Barth to alter his plans and designs. He thought that, in his isolated position, the exploration of the eastern shore of Lake Tsad would be too hazardous and doubtful an enterprise. Besides, he could not dispense with a military escort; and, being now the formally confirmed agent of the English Government, he could hardly think it right to avail himself of the services of such a lawless horde as the Welád Slimán, who had escorted him and his

\* Halleck. The poem is printed in "Specimens of American Poetry," by Samuel Kettell. Published at Boston, in America, 1829.

lamented friend in their former trip in that direction. He accordingly made up his mind to set out for the west, and especially to explore the countries situated on the Niger; to establish friendly relations with the powerful ruler of the empire of Sokoto; and to obtain permission for himself and other Europeans to visit the provinces of his empire.

In his last audience at Kúkawa he endeavoured to allay the suspicions of Sheik Omar and his vizier in regard to the object of this western journey, and represented to them that it would be highly advantageous for themselves if the English Government should succeed in opening the great high-roads of the interior. The sheik sent him two fine camels for his journey as a present, thereby proving that Dr. Barth's diplomatic efforts had at any rate been successful in conciliating for himself the favour of that African prince.

He departed from Kúkawa on November 25th, 1852, and between Kátsena and Wurno met the Emir El Mumesim Aliyou in a village. This chief received our traveller with great kindness, and, after shaking hands, begged him to take a seat opposite himself, where he was sitting in the open air, under a tree, on a raised platform of clay. After the exchange of due compliments, Dr. Barth desired that he would give him a letter of franchise, to guarantee full security for themselves and their property to all British merchants who might visit his dominions for trading purposes. In the second place he desired that the ruler of the faithful believers would give him permission to proceed to Timbúktu, and facilitate his journey by his power and authority. After having granted these wishes in a kind and polite manner, the emir concluded the audience by observing he was glad to have seen our traveller on the very day of his arrival, in order to assure him of his being heartily welcome, and to set his mind at rest with regard to the fate of Captain Clapperton, the English traveller who, thirty years before, had been kindly received by Aliyou's father and predecessor, Bello.

By the way, we may remark that we could not learn from Dr. Barth's book how Aliyou, the Sultan of Sokoto, or his predecessors, came to acquire the very ancient title of Emir el Mumesim, or ruler of the faithful. It appears from Dr. Barth's account that—to speak in European terms—the dynasty was founded by Aliyou's grandfather, Sheik Othman, who, in the year 1802, aroused the Mohammedan fanaticism of his tribe, the Fúlbe, and, with great revolutionary efforts, made himself independent of his liege lord, Báwa, the pagan ruler of Gober. Othman's successor, Mohammed Bello, had treated Captain Clapperton with great kindness and generosity on his first journey, but afterwards prevented the same distinguished English traveller from going to Bornu, being involved in war with the ruler of that country. Dr. Barth visited in Sokoto the house in which Clapperton had died. To finish the short account of this new-founded dynasty, we will just add that Bello was succeeded by his brother Atiku, who reigned from 1832 to 1837. The present ruler, Aliyou, a son of Bello by a female slave, seems, according to our traveller's statement, except a well-meaning and cheerful disposition, not to have inherited many of the noble qualities of his father, and least of all his warlike spirit. Almost every province of his extensive kingdom, or empire, was in open rebellion, and no improvement in the affairs of the country could reasonably be expected before Aliyou was succeeded by a more energetic ruler. The whole revenue of the country was estimated at £10,000 in shells, and an equal value in slaves and native cloth; the military power at about twenty thousand men of

cavalry. No estimate of infantry is given; whether no infantry are kept, or the omission is caused by want of trustworthy information, does not appear. Our traveller stayed about a month in the capital Wurno, making an occasional trip to Sokoto, which, in Clapperton's time, before Wurno was founded, seems to have been the real capital of the country. He pursued his journey to Timbúktu on May 8th, and, after passing the cities Gando, Birni, Diggi, Zogirma, more or less devastated by the civil war, entered the empire of Masina; and, after crossing a fertile district, cultivated with large rice fields, through Sebba, Koria, Say, he reached the river Niger, and arrived at Timbúktu on September 7th, 1853.

The city of Timbúktu, the seat of Mohammedan learning and worship in this part of Africa, is, by its situation on the river Niger, on the border of the Sahara, and in the neighbourhood of Morocco, the first commercial place of the empire of Sanghay, the capital Gogo being comparatively insignificant. The political relations of African empires and cities are complicated, and so fluctuating that no European standard of judgment is applicable. This very place of Timbúktu, for instance, had in turn, and often at the same time, been occupied by the warlike pagan tribe of the Bámbara and by Mohammedan Arabs, till, in the year 1826, it was conquered by the Fúlbe of Masina. Aroused by the reforms in the Mohammedan creed, which their neighbour of the same tribe, Othman, had effected, they had become more fanatical champions of the faith than Arabs and Moors; and, like the first followers of Mohammed, their religious ardour had filled them with military spirit and rendered them conquerors. But the Tawárek of the neighbouring desert, who for a long time had levied taxes from the place, and exercised a certain supremacy, were by no means willing to yield their claims to the new comers. The inhabitants, seeing their commercial activity ruined by the fanaticism of the conquerors, induced a northern chief, the Sheik El Mukhtár, to remove his residence to their place. This sheik, in alliance with the Tawárek, succeeded, in 1844, in driving the Fúlbe completely out of the place. But the town is dependent for its provisions upon the more fertile tracts higher up the river. It seemed, accordingly, necessary to come to some agreement with the Fúlbe, the occupiers of those fertile regions; and a compromise was agreed upon in the year 1846, through the mediation of the Sheik El Bakay, the successor of El Mukhtár, to the effect that Timbúktu should be dependent on the Fúlbe, without being garrisoned by a military force, the tribute being collected by two kadhis. Ever since the city has been under the triple and often contending authority of the sheik, the Tawárek, and the Fúlbe.

This divided authority was a source of much trouble and inconvenience for our traveller. The Sheik El Bakay, to whom he was introduced, was absent when he arrived. His younger brother and representative, Sidi Alawáte, availed himself of the opportunity to plague and to rob him; while the Fúlbe were informed that a Christian had entered the town, and had come to the determination to kill him. Sidi Alawáte, not satisfied with the handsome present Dr. Barth had offered to him, exacted another of more than double the value in addition. He continued his exactions almost every day, and, when a rumour arose that the Fúlbe were preparing to attack Dr. Barth's house, he tried to prevail upon him to deposit all his goods with one of his own functionaries. Our gallant traveller, however, declined such advice; but rather armed immediately, and ordered his servants to do the same; so that his tormentor, who

shortly afterwards came to see him, found him in full battle array, ready to defend himself and his property against whomsoever might dare to attack him. His would-be protector was rather astonished to find him so well prepared, asked whether he meant to fight the whole population of the town, and, after muttering the words, "strength of the Christians," protested that he was quite safe under his protection, and had nothing to fear.

Soon after this event the Sheik El Bakay arrived, a man of whom Dr. Barth speaks always in terms of great respect. But, although our traveller had now a really well-disposed and influential protector, his life was, nevertheless, more than once threatened, and he had many narrow escapes. He went several times with the sheik to his encampments, at some distance from Timbúktu. A deputation from the inhabitants of Timbúktu to El Bakay came to solicit that he would not bring the Christian back again, and so expose them to the attacks of the fanatical Fúlbe chiefs, who had threatened they would take vengeance on the people if they did not kill the unbeliever. Another time a party of Tawárek came to El Bakay's encampment, and asked that the stranger should be surrendered to them. Their chief, Weled Abeda, a son of the man who had caused Major Laing to be killed, died suddenly, and this accident made such an impression upon these superstitious men that the followers of Weled Abeda came now in great procession to the sheik to beg his pardon. But, after all, it was only by the greatest watchfulness that our traveller protected himself against the attacks of many enemies. Besides attacks upon his person, he had to defend himself against attacks upon his faith. All their attempts to convert him to Mohammedanism were, however, thwarted by his reasoning, he being well versed in polemical disputation. Religion and theological dogma seem to be common topics of conversation and lecturing in the African courts, and particularly in the court circle of the Sheik El Bakay; by far more so than in any European court, that of his Holiness the Pope not excepted.

The city of Timbúktu has a circumference of about two miles and a half, 980 clay houses, and a couple of hundred conical tents, covered with matting, in the outskirts. The number of the settled inhabitants is 13,000, besides a floating population of from 5000 to 10,000 for trading, especially from November to January. Timbúktu is by no means a manufacturing town, like Káno, the only manufactures carried on being some works of the blacksmith and a little leather-work, which latter is mostly made by the Tawárek, and especially females. The foreign commerce has three great high-roads—one along the river from the south-west and two from the north from Morocco and Ghadames. In all this foreign commerce gold is the chief staple, but of a very trifling amount when measured by a European standard, the whole export being estimated at only 20,000 liv. sterling a-year in the average. The mithkál of Timbúktu contains the weight of 24 grains of the kharíb tree, or 96 of wheat, and is worth from 3000 to 4000 shells, 3000 of these shells (cowries, or kurdí—*Cypræa moneta*) being worth a Spanish dollar. Next to gold, salt is the most important article in Timbúktu. It is sold in slabs of 3 feet 5 inches in length, 13 inches in breadth, and 2½ inches in thickness, weighing from 50 to 65 lbs.; the price is very variable, and fluctuates between 3000 and 6000 shells for such a slab. It is wonderful how this indispensable article is carried about to long distances, and how much, in consequence, its price varies in various places and at various times. Another staple article of

commerce in Timbúktu and other places is the guro, or kola nut, that serves as a substitute for coffee, which, however, grows wild in many districts, and could be cultivated to a large extent. The nuts, fruits of various species of the plant *Herculia*, fetch from 10 to 100 shells apiece in the market of Timbúktu. The corn market is supplied with rice and negro corn; vegetable butter, which has been mentioned before, is sold in great quantities: it is used in cookery, and, instead of oil, for lighting the dwellings. Pepper, ginger, and sundry other articles are imported. A small quantity of cotton, which is not cultivated in the neighbourhood, is brought to market, although the natives do not practise much weaving, even for their domestic use. Certain cotton goods, particularly turkedí, or the cloth for female gowns, are bartered against salt or other commodities.

European manufactures are chiefly introduced from Morocco; they consist of red cloth, looking-glasses, cutlery, etc.; while calico, bleached as well as unbleached, has lately been imported in large quantities from Ghadames. All calico our traveller saw bore the name of one Manchester firm, printed on it in Arabic letters. All cutlery in Timbúktu was likewise of English workmanship. Tea is a standard article of consumption for the Arabs, but looked upon as too expensive a luxury for the natives. Ivory and slaves were not exported to a great amount while Dr. Barth resided in the place; gum and wax in moderate quantities. But the whole country was then disturbed by war and anarchy. The whole import and export trade being carried on by caravans, is another cause of immense fluctuations in the prices of commodities. The most wealthy of the resident merchants are agents for foreign houses, particularly of Ghadames, Morocco, or Fas; but the first-rate merchants of the place are said not to possess more than 10,000 dollars, and this is considered an exceptionally great fortune.

Dr. Barth thinks Timbúktu highly important for the commerce of England. Its situation at the northern elbow of the river Niger, which encompasses the whole southern half of North Central Africa, including countries densely populated and of the greatest productive capabilities, will always make it a commercial entrepôt. It is true that the place is not far distant from the French settlements in Algeria on the one side, and those on the Senegal on the other; but it is separated from the former by the Sahara,\* while, between the city and the Senegal, a mountain chain extends of tolerable height. Our author then lays great stress upon the circumstance that the family of his friend El Bakay were in friendly relations to the English nation long before the French commenced their conquest of Algeria, and that his distinguished friend himself is most anxious to strengthen the bands of this international and commercial connection. Even in the event of their greatest success, the French would never effect the conquest of Songhay. On the other hand, if a liberal government were secured to Timbúktu, by establishing a ruler independent of the Fúlbe, who are strongly opposed to all intercourse with Europeans of whatever nation, an immense field might be opened to commerce, and the wholesome organization of the whole of this part of the world might be greatly facilitated.

After many delays our traveller started at last on his return on May 17, 1854. He took another way now, in order to survey the course of the river Niger. His friendly host El Bakay accompanied him for about 300

\* We learn from an article of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," that a reward offered by the French Government to any Frenchman for travelling from Algiers to Timbúktu has not yet been claimed by any one.

miles; great praise is bestowed upon the trustworthiness and amiability of his character. Gao, or Gogo, the capital of Songhay, is an insignificant place. Thákkefi, the chief of the Kel e Suk, a noble tribe of the Tawárek, called upon Dr. Barth in his tent, and, after having carefully secured the entrance, in order to prevent others from listening, he expressed his desire and that of his uncle that the English would send three well-armed boats up the river, to establish intercourse with them. Further up the river an animated scene was observed. An immense female hippopotamus was driving her calf before her, and protecting it from behind with half her body above the water, while a great number of crocodiles and alligators were basking in the sun on the low sand-banks, and glided into the water with great celerity at the noise of the approaching travelling party.

In his progress our traveller met on the bank of the river an old man who had a very lively remembrance of Mungo Park, and gave an accurate description of his tall commanding figure and his large boat. He related, besides, the manner in which the Tawárek attacked Park, near Ansongho, where the river is hemmed in by rapids. It is an interesting fact that, almost fifty years after the death of that daring traveller, particulars with regard to his last expedition are learnt from an eye-witness.

Our traveller, proceeding by Say and Deba to Kúkawa, passes Gando, Sokoto, and Wurno, where he is kindly received by Aliyou, the prince of the believers, and on his way receives the news of Dr. Vogel, with a party of Europeans, having arrived at Kúkawa; of an English expedition having been sent up the river Niger and Bénúwé; besides, of the Sheik Omar of Bornu having been dethroned, and his vizier slain. This latter information proved soon to be incorrect, and Dr. Barth learned that Sheik Omar was still holding his position against his brother, whom he kept in prison; but his friend and patron, the good-natured vizier, had really been slain, and Dr. Vogel, with his party, had arrived in Kúkawa. The news of Barth's death having been reported and believed, Dr. Vogel had sent to Zinder to claim and seize the bales of merchandise that there had arrived for Barth; a box with 400 dollars and another box containing cutlery having been stolen before Vogel's arrival. In a wood near the borough of Bundi the two travellers met each other, quite unexpectedly. "As for myself," says Dr. Barth, "I had not the remotest idea of meeting him; and he, on his part, had only a short time before received the intelligence of my safe return from the west. Not having the slightest notion that I was alive, and guessing, from its Arab address, that the letter which I forwarded to him from Kanó was a letter from some Arab, he had put it by without opening it, waiting till he might meet with a person who should be able to read it.

On December 11th Dr. Barth reached Kúkawa again, where he was honourably received. Dr. Vogel arriving in the same place on December 29th, both travellers spent twenty days together very comfortably. They began the year 1855 cheerfully, and made some excursions in the neighbourhood, especially to the Lake Tsad.

Dr. Vogel sets out for his south-eastern journey, January 20th, and Dr. Barth sees him off, and returns to Kúkawa January 21st. After long and tedious delays, he starts for his home journey May 4th, 1855, taking his route eastward from that by which he had entered Central Africa. The inhabitants of this tract of the Sahara—the Tebu—are often attacked by their western neighbours, the Tawárek, only the inhabitants of a few villages, who provide them with salt, being spared. An extraordinary peculiarity of the Tebu is, "that they

esteem scarcely anything more highly, nay, scarcely value anything at all, except dried fish—the stinking buni." These buni serve at the same time for coin; and only for these fish are such commodities to be had as the traveller may have occasion to buy from the Tebu. The journey was so much the more troublesome, since the road was made unsafe by robbers, imposing constant watchfulness and great exertions upon the traveller. Crossing districts of sandhills and stony rocky plains—here and there an oasis, containing a village—Dr. Barth and his caravan arrive at last at Murzuk, where, commonly, travellers coming from the south consider themselves in safety. But a revolution had broken out against the Turks. A native chief, of the name of Ghoma, having been made prisoner by the Turks many years ago, had, through the events of the Crimean war, contrived to make his escape from confinement in Trebizond, and kept then the country round Murzuk in alarm. Before reaching Tripoli Dr. Barth was met and very kindly received by her Majesty's Vice-Consul, Mr. Reade. He arrived at Tripoli on August 24th; and how much even he was delighted by the rich vegetation of the gardens which surround the town after the long journey through the desert, yet "infinitely greater was the effect produced upon him by the wide expanse of the sea, which, in the bright sunshine, spread out with a tint of the darkest blue." He goes on to say—"I felt so grateful to Providence for having again reached in safety the border of this Mediterranean basin, the cradle of European civilization, which from an early period had formed the object of my earnest longings and most serious course of studies, that I would fain have alighted from my horse on the sea-beach to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty, who, with the most conspicuous mercy, had led me through the many dangers which surrounded my path, both from fanatical men and an unhealthy climate."

After a stay of four days in Tripoli, he embarked in a Turkish steamer for Malta, and thence for Marseilles. He crossed France without staying in Paris, and arrived in London on September 6th, 1855, where he was kindly received by Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon, who took a great interest in the successful achievement of his journey.

## Original Fables.

### TRIFLES! TRIFLES!! TRIFLES!!!

"Don't," said the pony to the flies, and he shook his head and lashed his tail about, and away they all flew.

"Don't, I say," he cried again, moving to another place, where he hoped he should lose them. And so he did for a minute or two, but no longer. There they were—in his eyes, on his nose, at his ears, and all over him.

If he could have eaten them all he would, or kicked them into the next county he would, or galloped them out of the world he would; but there was no doing anything with them. As he moved, they moved, and every time he attempted to graze, they settled themselves on him, or buzzed in a cloud round his head as regularly as if they had come by invitation.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed at last, "what is to be done? I can bear my master's whip and spur; I can stand being half-worked to death over the country, and with the heavy cart—those are evils I make up my mind to; and, if that yelping cur comes behind me, I can give him a reception that sends him flying; but as to these torments, contemptible as they are—too small to be met effectually—I verily believe they'll be the death of me!"

Ah! so it is in human as in pony life. Great trials can often be bravely borne, when petty annoyances, by their number and pertinacity, vex and wear the soul.

## NO ROOM FOR PRIDE.

"A NICE pass we're come to!" exclaimed a bundle of brushwood to some fine tree-tops that were lying ready to be carted for fire-wood. The tree-tops quivered their fading leaves with contemptuous indignation, but did not deign a reply.

"Those were the days," said the brushwood again, "when we were so gay and green. You gave a fine shade then, and as for us, my friends the thorns, black and white, made the hedges like a garden, and the bright gold blossom of us furze bushes was something to see. Ah! those were the days; but we must make the best of it. They've had us in our summer pride, and now they have got to admire us in a blaze as they sit round their fires!"

More and more the leaves of the tree-tops quivered, and an ash, in pity to both parties, thus tried first to silence the low-born loquacious furze:—

"Friends, our union in fate should make us one in sympathy. You, like ourselves, have rejoiced in life and freedom—like us you are condemned to the flames; but as our beauty and dignity in life differed, so will differ the last scenes of our existence. You will but crackle under a pot, while we shall sustain a clear and steady flame."

Then addressing his unduly sensitive companions, he added, "Nevertheless, forget not that of both of us only ashes will remain!"

## THE OWL THAT WROTE A BOOK.

THE owl wrote a book to prove that the sun was not full of light; that the moon was in reality much more luminous; that past ages had been in a mistake about it, and the world was quite in the dark on the subject.

"What a wonderful book!" cried all the night-birds, "and it must be right; our lady the owl having such very large eyes, of course she can see through all the mists of ignorance."

"Very true," cried the bats; "she is right, no doubt. As for us, as we cannot see a blink, the moon and the sun are alike to us, and for anything we know there is no light in either; so we go over in a body to her opinion."

And the matter was buzzed about till the eagle heard of it. He called the birds around him, and, looking down on them from his rocky throne, spoke thus:—

"Children of the light and of the day, beware of night-birds! Their eyes may be large, but they are so formed they cannot receive the light, and what they cannot see they deny the existence of. Let them praise moonlight in their haunts: they have never known anything better; but let us who love the light, because our eyes can bear it, give glory to the great fountain of it, and make our boast of the sun, while we pity the ignorance of poor moon-worshippers, and the sad lot of those who live in darkness."

## OLD DOGS AND YOUNG.

"WHAT have they brought in?" asked the old cat of Tip, the worn-out terrier, who had just been in the yard to see the game-bags emptied.

Tip, not observing Forrest and Bluff, two setters, following him, took his favourite place before the kitchen fire, and, stretching out his fore legs, laid his nose on his paws and said, contemptuously; "Miserable sport; hardly worth going out for."

"Such bags as we used to bring in," he continued; "that was something like sport. Thought nothing of a dozen hares and rabbits—scores of 'em—and pheasants, till we were fairly tired of picking 'em up."

"Ah!" said the cat, who was nearly blind, and almost asleep, "our days were different from these. I was telling the grey kitten's mother yesterday, that before I was her age I had caught as many rats as she had mice."

But Tip was not interested in the degeneracy of breed in cats. He went on still more oratorically on the lamentable change that had taken place among dogs, and describing his own prowess in his day. Forrest and Bluff listened quietly.

"Do but hear him," at last Bluff said; "now wouldn't you believe he thinks there is not a dog left worth following a gun!"

"Perhaps, Mr. Tip," said Forrest, "you carried off so much game in your time that you thinned the country, and left none for us."

Tip looked disconcerted at this discovery of having had

more auditors of his boast than he had reckoned on, and, dropping his eyelids, pretended to be asleep.

"Never heed him," said Bluff, with a sly glance, for he knew he was shamming; "it's a way old dogs have got of fancying there must be an end of good sport now they are past it. They see double all the success they ever had, and quite forget that they missed at any time. Poor old dog! we must mind and not make the same mistake, Forrest, when we are in Tip's condition."

Whether it was the fire that was too hot, or the reflections of his two reprovers, somehow Tip found it more pleasant to change his place; and it was observed that after that time he looked modest when the bags were emptied, and was silent about the "doings of his day."

## LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

THE blast that drove the storm-cloud across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

The cloud burst; a rain-drop filled the acorn cup.

A robin, wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, and troubled by the fury of the storm, hopped on the path when all was calm, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened, he flew to his accustomed place in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and, rising from his reverie, wrote a chant of grateful rejoicing. The chant went forth into the world, and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. He said, "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"I had not sung so well if I had not drank of the rain-drop," said the robin.

"I should have sunk into the earth had not the acorn-cup received me," said the rain-drop.

"I had not been there to receive you, but for the angry blast," said the acorn-cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied, "Praise Him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making his mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen, unknown, and unsuspected channels, and bringing in due time, by his own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm-cloud!"

## WHERE THE FAULT LIES.

"GREAT brother," said the moon to the sun, "why is it that, while you never hide your face from me, our poor sister the earth so often pines in dimness and obscurity?"

"Little sister," replied the sun, "the fault is not in me. You always behold me as I am, and rejoice in my light, but she too often covers herself with thick clouds, which even I cannot effectually pierce, and while she mourns my absence ought to know that I am ever near, and wait only for her clouds to pass that I may reveal myself."

## A NEW LIGHT ON THINGS.

"HOLLOA! young fellow," said the cock to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Let us have it," said Shag; "I'm in a hurry."

"I wish to remark," said the cock, "that there has been a great mistake made in the stackyard, and you can tell your master that he and the other men, instead of turning the corn end of the sheaves into the stack, and leaving the stubbles outside, should have done it the other way. How are my hens and I, do you think, to get at the grain under the circumstances?"

"Anything else?" asked Shag.

The cock was offended, and shook his wattles, but answered, "Yes—I have also to remark—"

"Never mind, never mind," said Shag, interrupting him; "you're under a general mistake, I see, and one answer will do for all your objections. You fancy that farm-yards were made for fowls, but the truth is, that fowls were made for farm-yards; get that into your head, and you won't meddle with arrangements which you can't understand, and in which you and your affairs are not taken into account."

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